THE TE

ATTONAL HYMN

Poles, awake! tis your day of glory;



COMPOSED BY

(k. kurpinski)

Words translated from the Polish & respectfully dedicated to

ROBERT SCOTT & FAMILY



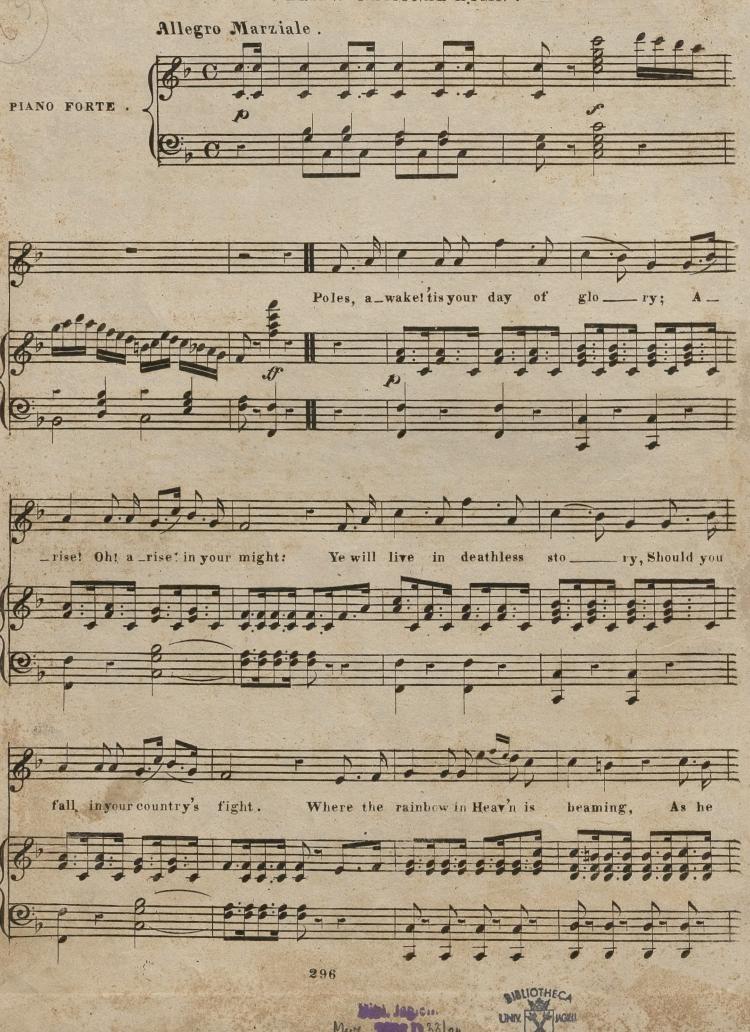
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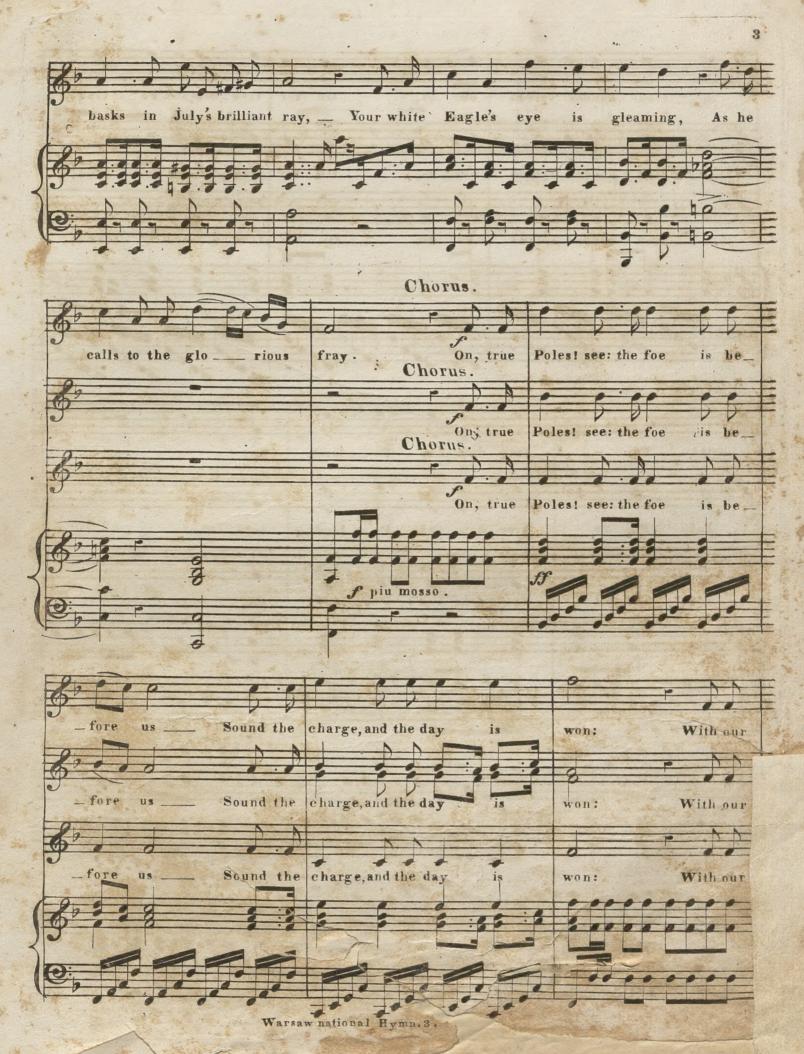
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WARSAW NATIONAL HYMN .







Our young freedom to crush in its birth;

But soon o'er his mountain regions

We'll trample his hopes in the earth.

Barbarian, _ your visions of booty,

Tho' ye triumph, will soon be fled;

For the Pole knows a soldier's duty,

And will leave you nought but the dead.

Oh! true Pole &c.

Kosciusko, arise and aid us.

To root from the soil our foe,

Who has promised, deceived, betrayed us,

Steeping Praga in carnage and woe.

Let the blood of the murderer flowing

Enrich each grassy tomb,

Where our flowrets of victory growing

Shall more gaily, more gorgeously bloom.

Ohitrue Pole &c

Parent land I thy children returning,

This day would deserve thy smile,

Thy altars with wreaths adorning,

From the Kremlin, the Tyber, the Nile.

Years have pass'd since each exiled brother,

His native land has press'd:

Should he fall there now, o mother!

On thy bosom he'll sweetly rest.

Oh! true Pole &c.

Gallant Pole! to the battle rally,

To humble the tyrant Czar;

And in each heroic sally

Bear the ring in the front of the war:

Let that gift of our Poland's daughters

Be the charm to freeze the foe,

While gemm'd in an hundred slaughters,

Our symbol of triumph'twill glow.

Oh! true Pole &c.

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O ye, French! what bloody arena

Did the Pole shun in fighting for you!

Was it Wagram, Marengo or Jena,

Dresden, Leipsig or Waterloo?

When the world had betrayed to enslave you

Did the Pole yield to coward fears!

O brethren, our life blood we gave you

In return you give us but tears.

Oh!true Pole &c.

Warsaw national Hymn . 3 .



